The Bull

Vol. 2, No. 2 Peabody Veterans Memorial High School January 1972

S.C. PRODUCES JOKE

One dreary day in October, I, along with everyone else, received sheets of paper called Student Council Newsletter. The newsletter started like this, "Before you take this letter as merely another announcement and throw it away, take some time to look it over." Well, they were partially right, it wasn't just another announcement--even though it should've been thrown away.

It continues with, "We have a big communication problem in the high school and everybody knows it. We want to do something about it, so everyone will know what's going on." However, their actions seem to contradict this statement. Since October only ONE Newsletter has been produced. Although their effort was sincere, the Student Council is defeating its own purpose by leaving a void of four months of communication. Is it possible that nothing has been done in these months? It seems doubtful, yet there has been no sign of progress. This was shown when the Newsletter talked about having a "Dungaree Ball" in December, of which plans were to be announced in the next Newsletter. It is too bad that neither of these has ever happened.

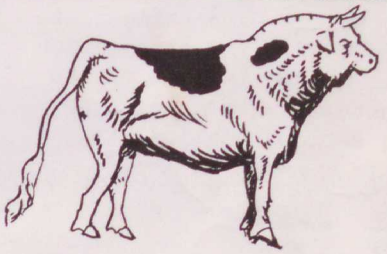
The Newsletter cites another point which seems very farcical to me. It says, " So that there will be at least one person in each homeroom who knows what's going on, the Student Council voted unanimously to have all homeroom represenatives attend all open meetings." It is interesting to note that there has been only one open meeting at which only 25% of the Student Council showed up. If and when they do have these open meetings, how do they expect the homeroom represenatives to show up when many members of the student council aren't even present?

The Newsletter, I have been told, was put together by a few students who informed the rest of the Student Council what was going into it, only after it was completed. If so, then the majority of the Student Council was not represented. The Newsletter, it seems, only had the "nice" things tha had the " nice " things that happened during the meeting. Aunified Student Council represented in the Newsletter would present a better spectrum of their viewpoints.

" We all want to do a good job and be effective," says the Newsletter. If they should first improve their credibility. A good start would be to adhere to the items set down in the Newsletter.

S Olswang

WHY THE BULL

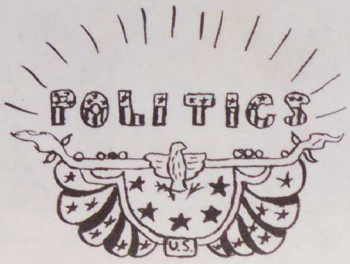


Many of you readers have been asking where we ever got our name The Bull. It is actually a shortened version of "bullsheet", the denotation of which is the written form of a "bull-session": "an informal, discursive group discussion."

In the first days of tne newspaper, while the initial staff were sitting around smiling, the editors decided the newspaper needed a new name (and a new image). The staff suggested many names, but none implied the impetus the new student news needed. Every one was devoid of originality. Then someone uttered "Bullsheet!" That was the original easily remembered, catchy name that everyone unanimous ly and enthusiastically decided on.

The Administration hassled us over the connotations of Bullsheet even before our first edition came out; so we compromised and shortened it to The Bull. After all, what's in a name? Poor Richard's Almanack may not turn you on but people still read it and enjoy it. We think The Bull can be the paper we want it to be.

B.J. Teshko '72



opinion

At this moment, there are many candidates, announced and unannounced, running for the Democratic nomination. The acknowledged front-runner is Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine. The general consensus by most people that Muskie will most likely get the Democratic Nomination. Therefore, the selection process to find the backbone of the Democratic ticket, the vice presdential candidate, must begin. An appropiate vice presidential candidate is chosen for two basic reasons, his political beliefs and the amount of votes he can deliver to that ticket.

Here is an idealistic proposal for the best possible Democratic slate in 1972. The proposition is unique in that it has never been mentioned as a serious possibility. This "ideal slate" has Muskie as the Democratic presidential nominee and Senator John Tunney of California as the Democratic vice presidential nominee.

The reasoning behind this contention is fairly easy to understand. Muskie is viewed as being at the center of the political spectrum. Tunney is considered to be an avowed liberal and is a political ally of Ted Kennedy, who is also a personal friend. This would give them a voting base of liberals, moderates and if they don't already fall into those two classes, Kennedy supporters. Tunney is young-in the sense of politics-and would give the youth vote to the Democrats, something which has evaded Muskie. Muskie has been considered, at best, one of the best of a bunch of Mediocre candidates. With Tunney as a running mate, this discrepancy could be becoming the most crucial aspect is Tunney's Political base and he could delover the vote of the West coast to Muskie, an area that could probably decide the outcome of the election.

Muskie, too, has his strong points. With some effective campaigning, he could very easily carry the entire Northeast. He is well redeived by middle class democrats and independents, appeals to moderate republicans. And of course would carry the ethnic block of Polish votes.

There is only one minor point detrimental to this Union. Both Muskie and Tunney are Roman Catholics, a fact which might lose some votes in the south and in theso-called heartlands of Middle America, the Midwest.

This proposition appears to be the best alternative for the Democrats. However, knowing politics and politicians, this doesn't seem feasible. But, one never knows...

Steve Olswang

An organization is being formed in this area to support the candidacy of Rep. Paul "Pete" McCloskey in the 1972 presidential elections. Anyone interested in furthering his campain should contact Steve Olswang in homeroom A-327. Meeting for "McCloskey Volunteers" will be held as soon as possible.

THE STRIPPER

When North Carolina State's student newspaper and cheerleaders promoted the opening football pep rally by promising that players, coaches, and a "topless go-go dancer" would be on hand, a crowd of 2,000 people turned out.

The excitement started when the band struck up the tune "The Stripper". Then boisterous cheers and whistles from the crowd were heard as the topless dancer, dressed only in Wolfpack red panties took the stage. The dancer? Lori Chandler.....15 months old.

The Bull

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editorials

This is the second issue of The Bull 1971-1972. Since our last publication our editorship has changed hands due to unavoidable circumstances and we are continuing our efforts to produce a newspaper. The students and the staff of the Bull were reportedly a little disappointed in the quality of our production. We ran into many unexpected technical difficulties which should be remedied in this issue but still the fact remains-we have no material.

The Student newspaper is (or should be) a main artery of communication in the school. It should contain current events, entertainment and upcoming events.

By printing the newspaper in the school we should have a newspaper out.

The Bull staff is the major contributing portion of the art and literary material the paper has. We spend much of our spare time working in some way for the paper but often we cannot come up with all the ideas people want to know about. Anyone, anywhere, is welcome to contribute anything to our paper. This includes art work (done in black and white only) photographs (black and white), advertisements, and suggestions as well as articles on any subject. The Bull is happy to say there is no censorship on type of material printed, only those popular four letter words. We wish to represent the students of Peabody High as open-minded and thinking but without material to print we are dead. Please submit anything you find interesting to the paper. No article needs to be signed when printed but must be signed when submitted.

People: We need your help and ideas to make the Bull a student newspaper. Please contribute a little time and a little money.

Elizabeth Wallenius '72

letters

To The Editor:

In response to the statement made by a student to Sen. Kennedy regarding the Gun Laws, I feel that the student didn't realize why the Senator felt that way.

Senator Kennedy had two brothers, John and Robert, both shot down. He also had seen Martin Luther King assassinated.

If you check the records you will notice that the number of homicides increases every year.

I hope that the student may now understand why Senator Kennedy had his reasons for supporting gun legislation.

Thank-you.
Student of P.V.M.H.S

To the Editor:

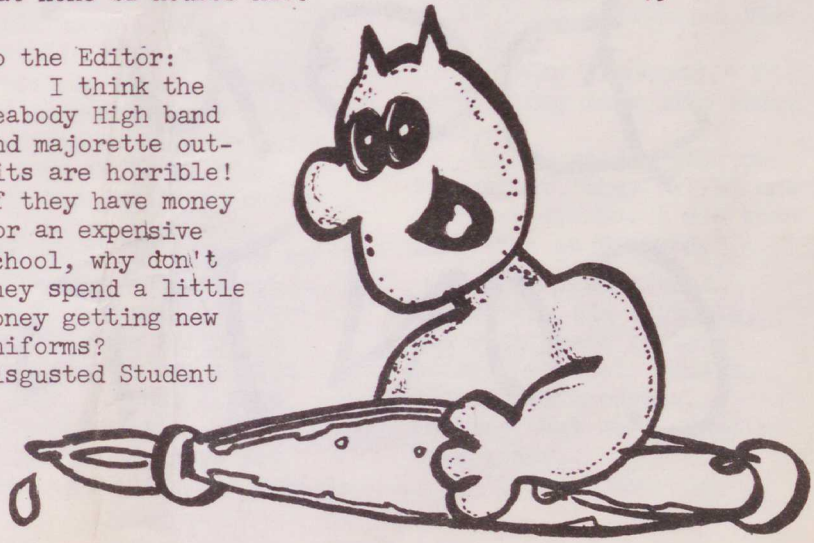
As a student of P.H.S. I would like to bring to your attention a critisism about our new school. First are those signs so tastefully positioned throughout the building expounding their knowledge to us as to which direction we are going. Surely in a school costing millions of dollars we could at least have signs of a little more substance and permanence, and possibly look a little better.

Secondly, I'd like to make notice of the fact that none of houses have any identification as to which house they're in from the stairways. I's very frustrating to be hurring up the stairs with an arm load of books and be late for class because you went into the wrong house. Couldn't the administration possibly have name plates put up to desinate which house is which and ones that are not just paper? It's my belief that that these ideas are for the betterment of the school's appearance and it's occupants convience.

Ronald Silva '73

To the Editor:

I think the Peabody High band and majorette outfits are horrible! If they have money for an expensive school, why don't they spend a little money getting new uniforms?
Disgusted Student



BLANK PAGES HAPPEN WHEN YOU DON'T CONTRIBUTE



cool clues for writing news

Seeing as how I'm a professional free-lance writer for a Great Metropolitan Newspaper; I thought that I might let you in on a few of the trade secrets. That's right -- I'm going to teach you how to write journalism good.

Although there aren't really any written rules, there are a few general things to follow, that if you do, your writing style can improve and can be more clear. One of the things you should do is be sure your sentence is short and brief. Another thing is that to make your thought come across, it is best, instead of rambling on and on and beating around the bush, you ought to come right out and say what you have to say while using as few words as you can while at the same time making sure you include all the important things that you want to be in your sentence. This is important cause you can loose in your sentence something you were trying to say. "Comprendre, Gringo?" In some sorts of writing, the author falls into the pit of using outdated and overused expression; these are called cliches (pronounced klee-SHAYS). However, cliches s should be avoided like the plague even though they can sometimes get a meaning across better. This is an advantage that should not be totally overlooked.

Another pitfall of the author is redundancy, when he says something more than once when he could have made it clear in the first place. This is like when someone explains something twice.

The beginning and end of your article should be well done and defined. The beginning should grab and hold your attention, not to mention your readers'. This can also be accomplished with a good title, like the one I used for this. Sometimes when you have a dull article, you can grab their attention by using a title that does. Say if you found some roach killer in the



cafeteria kitchen, you could have a title saying, "Arsenic Found in Place of Preparing Food. "Catchy, no? These are just some examples of good tecknique in good writing. Once you have been writing as long as I have, they come to you naturally. I have an uncle who was writing pesticide pamphlets for the USDA for forty two years and he has taught me most of what I have learned today.

People can give you some good ideas for articls. Italy, especially is filled with grabbers. You really have to rely on your resources and be cunning as a fox if you want to be a top-notch writer. The biggest problems for would-be writers are finding a place that will print your works (school newspapers print almost anything); and ending your story. Some authors end their stories and their readers feel like they've been left hanging.

Bill Smith '71

★★★★★

U.S. SPIES

WASHINGTON-- What happened to all the, happened to all the anti-war protestors of yesterday? Well, in spite of what you read in the newspapers, they're still around. Only they're a new breed and in many ways much tougher. I went to an antiwar rally at the Washington Monument the other day with my friend Dumbarton who works on demonstrations for the secret Service. Dumbarton was dressed in dungarees, had long hair and was carrying a guitar which was really a very sensitive tape recorder.

When we arrived at the Mall we saw five bearded students carrying a Viet Cong flag.

"Hey, Dumbarton," I said, "they look like anarchists."

"Nah," said Dumbarton in disgust,"they're FBI undercover agents. I was them last week at Harvard."

We walked around. There were six students, all with peace symbols painted on their navels, sitting in a circle smoking what surely smelt like grass.

"Look, Dumbarton,"

cont. top pg. 6

continued from pg. 5

I said excitedly, "Communists."

Dumbarton shook his head in disgust. "Ther're from the Naval Cilvilian Intelligence unit. The guy waving the photograph of Ho Chi Minh is really a lieutenant commander in the Seabees."

We walked away. Suddenly I said, "Dumbarton, we're being followed by those four girls in dungarees."

Dumbarton looked around. "It's okay. They're from the Air Force Intelligence squardron at Andrews Field."

"But they're girls," I said.

"The Air Force always dresses their agents in drag," Dumbarton said. "They don't want their people to be mistaken for Naval Intelligence agents."

A fight broke out amoung 50 demonstrators standing near the speaker's platform. They were going at it thick and heavy.

"My God," I said. "That looks like real trouble."

"Don't get upset. Half the guys are from the Army Civilian Intelligence unit at Fort Holibird and the other half are from the Army Civilian Intelligence unit at the Pentagon.

One of the students turned around, "Hey, Dumbarton," he said in surprise, "what are you doing here?"

"Collins; Dumbarton said. "What are you doing here?"

I'm in the National servic
Park Service Antisubvers ive Corps."

You are the last person I expected to see here," Dumbarton said.

"Well it's better than fighting forest fires."

Art Buchwald

Ed. note: Reprinted from the Boston Globe, March 1971.

GRAND FUNK

To P.C. I Love YOO
From S.P. Iwoabf
tell xxx My xxiave is Sue
Perry

If one who has ear drums of a steel nature can withstand the merciless barage of insane shrieking spuring from the all but artistic lead singer, or better yet lead screamer, of the Grand Funk Railroad, the fact still remains that the best grooves on their live album, an attempt at a musical work, are the scratches aquired after being thrown at the wall in a fit of utter disgust.

Chosing the inevitable course of sitting up in the bathroom all night relieving my queezy stomach and supporting my favorite ear lotion corporation, I set out on the forbidden task of listening to this record. After all, one knows not what it smells like until he has let himself stoop to self-indulgence.

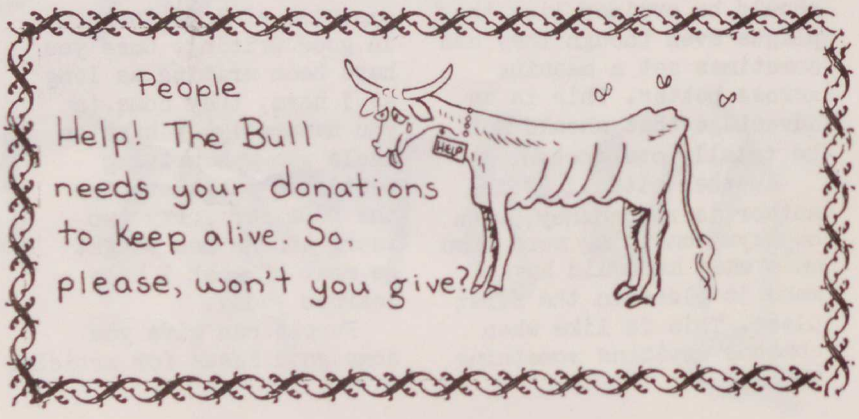
The latest "thing" in rock music recordings used to be capturing the dynamic aspects of a group through live recordings, in which they filter out the audience applaus; in this case I wish they had left it in, but at the same time I guess there wasn't any anyways.

With excellent similarity to a violent epiliptic in the middle of a fit, lead guitarist and vocalizer Mark Farner runs through his revolting act of sadistical non-music. This album should be buried in a time capsule, not for posterity, but for refuge from those teeny-bop-perish little folk who really believe it is truely 'psychedelic.'

President of Capitol Records announced that while gold records (representing 1 million or more in sales) were awarded to the group for their first two LP'S, their hit 45 "Closer To Home" and their recent LP "Survival", Grand Funk Live declined in sales steadily since the day it was released. Grand Funk Railroad still cherishes acclaim in hard rock today, especially on Northeast seacoast in the U.S.A.

Grand Funk's first hit, "On Time" was said to be one of the most simplistic, talentless, one--demensional, un--musical songs of the year. Public opinion was the opposite. Their drumming was guarenteed to send you uo the wall, but people really dug their beat.

Hoe Grand Funk dominated the rock scene still puzzles many people, but it looks like they are here to stay, at least for a while. In short, Grand Funk Live is a piece of plastic that isn't worth the price of the required asprin.





FOUND

Long, healthy earthworm. No collar or I.D. Found in vicinity of Santoro's Sub Shop. Answers to the name of "Moses". Contact B.S. through this personal's column. Please hurry! He's eating me out of house and home.

C.M.-
Stop boring us.
Bartholemew

Hello to Alan Bolottin!

Cathie & Steve

To the guy I met,
You're really nice. Hope to see you again and talk.
"An Admirer"

Hey, Bud-- How ya doin, Bud?
Your Chicks
P.S. We love you

Hey C.O. at third lunch-
I like you
Levy's cousin

To L.B.
109-110½--Have a piece of candy.
L.B.

Matchmaker,
You struck out!
a roaring flame!

to wicky,
i wuv you. Bwad, don't get jealous.
Madame X

J.K.-
See you in 4 years.
L.B.

TO L.B. You have nice legs.
From:*and@

Foley: even your friends call you FOLEY!
Not a Friend

R.W. The day that I typed this was our fifteen month anniversary. One year and three months is a long time...it's been the happiest time in my life..... always stay the wonderful person you are, and we can make it, together, forever....Love is an attit-ude...J.E.A.

Steve C. From Saugus--
we met in the bus station on August third and I still hav'nt been able to get in touch. Do you still like coral tea roses and violet incence? Chinatown does' not close until after four a.m.....sunshine girl

alone we find solitude..
together we find love...

J.D.is the greatestjunior track man. M.H.

Why are you Bulls writ--ing about Mayor Mavroulas. He's not a cow.

Dear E.A.D. I love you I Do! I.V.D.

To the Watchdogs in Senior Lounge: (teachers)---
It's senseless not to let more than two people in the basement at a time. This is our "great senior lounge?!"

Joe P.
How come they use your head for a footstool?
An Art Major

Eddie O'Connell wears a wig! J,E,R,

Barry Lightbrown likes a Mrs. Harsharn

Richie Richmond from the Beverly High School stop calling Gail!
Someone who loves you

Hadley--I'm a-want you.

Stay after school and we shall adjust the situation which has befallen us.

Mark...Kathy wants you.

Mrs. B.,
Thanks for everything.
A friend

R.A.S. Don't tell your mom to buy your British Sterling you dumb kid! M.E.D.W.

Divine wisdom is destiny and decree made us lovers of one another.

Sugar Baby in the fourth race at Suffolk Downs.
Can Do!
Sully

Classified

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PERSONALS

BASKETBALL

Peabody has been dazzling everybody with its plays lately. Come-from-behind victories against Fenwick 80-78 and Marblehead 82-55, have slated four wins against only two losses, one of them to league - leading Lowell.

All teams have been tough against Peabody this season, as displayed in the Salem game, a fast-paced duel with Peabody, the victors. Coach Weitzman's PHS quintet obviously has been putting it all together. Peter Leonard, Peter Tucker, Rich Kiley, and Dave Bettencourt have been topping the scoring drives. In the Marblehead game Peter Tucker put on an awesome exhibition of scoring 45 points. Bob Allison and Mike McCarthey have been great on defense, while also sparking numerous offensive plays, something the statistical records don't show.

The Tanners are on to play Salem Tuesday nite and hosting Haverhill next Friday nite. Game time is 6:30 p.m. for J.V., 8:00 for varsity.





Controlling the Wild Pitch

It's an Oakland vs. Kansas City Sunday--a TV timeout for the 6-inch football pros waging mayhem on your 24 inch screen. Cut into an action sequence from a long-forgotten game. With Oakland comerback Willie Brown blasting the feet from under a hapless wide receiver as a voice says, "I'm Willie Brown of the Oakland Raiders. Thats the way I like to creakdown in action. I'd like to rack up the drug traffic too." Or, it's between innings of the World Series, and a man in a Red Sox uniform is saying, "This is Reggie Smith. When your high on pot, acid, or speed, you can't concantrate on whether the ball is high or low, fast or a curve, inside or out. Don't let people talk you into trying things." How does a kid react to these commercials, when he really knows what's going on in sports? Well, Bernie Parrish, former comerback for the Cleveland Browns and author of the book, "They Call it a Game", says of his years in the league, "There were usually two or three guys in the starting lineup getting shots at the start of each season, and as the season went along, and injuries began to accumulate, there'd be maybe six or eight being shot. You could figure the same was true for the other team, maybe 12 or 16 guys in a game would be getting shot up."

Dave Meysesy, author of Out of Their League said, "Needles were flying" all over the Cardinal dressing room when he played for St. Louis. The club kept subtle pressure on the players to use painkillers against their better judgement.

the reason for the above cases are summed up in one statement by Dr. Hip, Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, who dispenses his unorthodox medical advise in the underground press, he said, "I think sports are only patting themselves on the back. They're trying to combat the publicty about athletes using drugs." As Jackie Robinson puts ti, "There are two kinds of heroes in the ghettos. Both of them have made it. They have the money to buy flashy cars and good clothes. They're the guys who makes their money selling dope- and the pro athlete."

If the ghetto kids are sophisticated enough to listen to Reggie Smith and Willy Brown, rather than their local pushers, and decide who's advocating life and who's selling death." But they're not because they don't know what's going on. They just have to control the wild pitch.

Gene Nigrelli '74

AMERICAN * PIE *



Nostalgia is having a desire for something in the past. This is the term used to describe a song that is besieging the natinn. Yet, in all actuality, this song goes beyond the realm of remembrance of today's youth.

The song, as stated in the title, is "American Pie!" done by an upstart young singer named Don McLean. This, however, is not his first musical effort.

Throughout his eight year career, he has sung songs with very pointed lyrics.

Growing up in pollution-ridden New York City had a very discernible effect on him. When he started his singing career in upstate New York, he carried stinging, ecological lyrics with him; lyrics which were a product of the environment where he had previously existed. His first album, "Tapestry," (not the same as the one done by Carole King), was a social protest on behalf of his ecology crusade. One thing is evident in all of McLean's songs, the fact that along with his concerned viewpoints, he has tried to express realism and truth.

Coincidently, "American Pie" comes from an album of the same name. The song "American Pie" is regarded as the most moving and influential song on the album. It is a nice blend of plesent and soft tunes, describing McLean's feelings on the past and future of people and rock. His yearning for times of the '50s is evident by his lyrics ("A long, long time ago/I can still remember how that music used to make me smile!) Just as abvious is his discouragement of the soft and sober pace of the '70s ("Something touched me deep inside/the day the music died").

What is clear is that McLean has a definite dissatisfaction with the status of the '70s. But, does he really want to bring back the '50s of just the times that were good to him?

Steve Olswang '74

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CRYSTAL LAKE

Conservation area? Ha! Crystal Lake, which is a fragment of the famed "Devil's Dishful" of West Peabody, certainly does not live up to its name!

Two winters ago, the area dried up into a solid cake of mud. It was rumored that contractors were planning to buy the land for future homes, then, like a sudden miracle, again the slimy, green, murky waters sprang forth from below.

During the winter children skated on the dull gray, snow-sludged ice, while underneath, polluted waters stagnated so badly that even the heartiest of fish soon disappeared.

In the spring of 1970 a sign was put up across from the entrance to Jordon Acres, declaring Crystal Lake a "conservation area"; conservation of WHAT? Everyone in the area began placing bets on how long it would take vandals to destroy or submerge the sign.

It has been eighteen months, and the sign still stands---untouched! Is this coincidence, fate, or the fact that the "Devil's Dishful Sludge Hole" they call "Crystal Lake" smells so badly and is so thickly surrounded by the heavy vegetation that no one can get near the pond!

Now, again the little children skate on thin, polluted ice over deceasing fish and other such debris; yet no conservation proget has ever been contemplated by city officials.

Pray tell, what are we conserving? The sign?

Jann Adler '74

TRAFFIC

After three long months of enthusiam of their new sound and anticipation of their return, Traffic, one of England's oldest and foremost rock and roll bands exploded this weekend at the Aquarius theater on Tremont St. The celebration of thier return visit has been stimulated by a newappreciation in rock sound entitled, The Low Spark of High Heel Boys, Most of the cuts from the album were written by St Steven Winwood one of the most versatile performers ever to appear on a Boston stage. As a result of an earlier winwood band, shown as, Blind Faith", Steve has been appraised for his musical talent alone. Shifting the lime light onto Jim Capalde, the group's backup vocalist, percussionist and co-writer. The only remaining member of the original band, is Chris Wood, adding a touch of mello jazz with saxaphone and flute.

Filling out the altogather percussive sound are Rhaku's " Reebop" Khan, displaying amazing rythyum on the conga drums and Jim Gordon, formerly of Delaney & Bonnie.

Because of a late start for the first show, J.J. Cake Shelter record, Recording Artisits did an extremeley short set and then after technical adjustments, on came the anxiously awaited return. They started the set with 3 numbers from their new album, featuring Steve as lead guitarist. "Rock & Rod Steu", " Light Us or Have Me Alone" and " Many-Mile to Freedom". The next two numbers, " John Barleyaorn"&"Rainmaker", featured Steve on acoustic guitar and vocals and Chris on the flute. Steve's fans almost tore down the house when he switched to organ and paiano and finished off the set with " Empty Pages" and " The Low Spark of High Hell Boys". In effect, it was an altogether good show, with the second set proving to be more promising than the first. Thr only hassles were over a rambuncious crowd and a rushed crowd during the first show.

If you've never gotten into Traffic before, the easiest way is to buu the easiest way is o the easiest way is to buy their new album. It sho their new album. It should prove to be an interesting new demension in sound as well as one of the year's best of the year's biggest albums.

Paul Haroutunian '74

lounge

With regard to the article entitled "Senior Lounge" written by a Concerned Senior, I wish to present an opposite viewpoint.

Granted, Senior Lounge is supposed to be a place for seniors, however, seniors have this crazy misconception that they are superior to all and can do whatever they want without regard to underclassmen. What I want to know is...What makes them so different? The only difference between them and sophmores and juniors is the fact that they are academically ahead of us. Otherwise there are no dif ferences; as the Declarat ion of Indpendence states, "All men are created equal in the eyes of God." As far as standing during lunch, will someone please tell the that no noe will bite them if they eat in the main part of the cafeteria.

What is even worse is that many underclassmen actually beleive seniors are special! Unless this is corrected, we, the underclassmen will be continually dominated by the "privilged" seniors.

Finally, may I add that I am signing this a article...unlike the "Con cerned Senior" who chose to remain anonymous.

Steve Olswang '74

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